

















After that, like tumbling down a hill... I fell inlove with_ Kasumi. KASUMI! IF I KNEW YOU WERE COMING, I'D HAVE CLEANED UP A LITTLE. Hey! I JUST CLEANED YESTERDAY, HOW COME IT'S MESSY ALL YEAH, RIGHT. OVER AGAIN? I COME HERE EVERYDAY, DON'T IP Excuses,















...OR THAT
ONE TIME YOU
SLIPPED ON A
BANANA PEEL.
YOU MAKE ME
FEEL BETTER
THAT WAY.







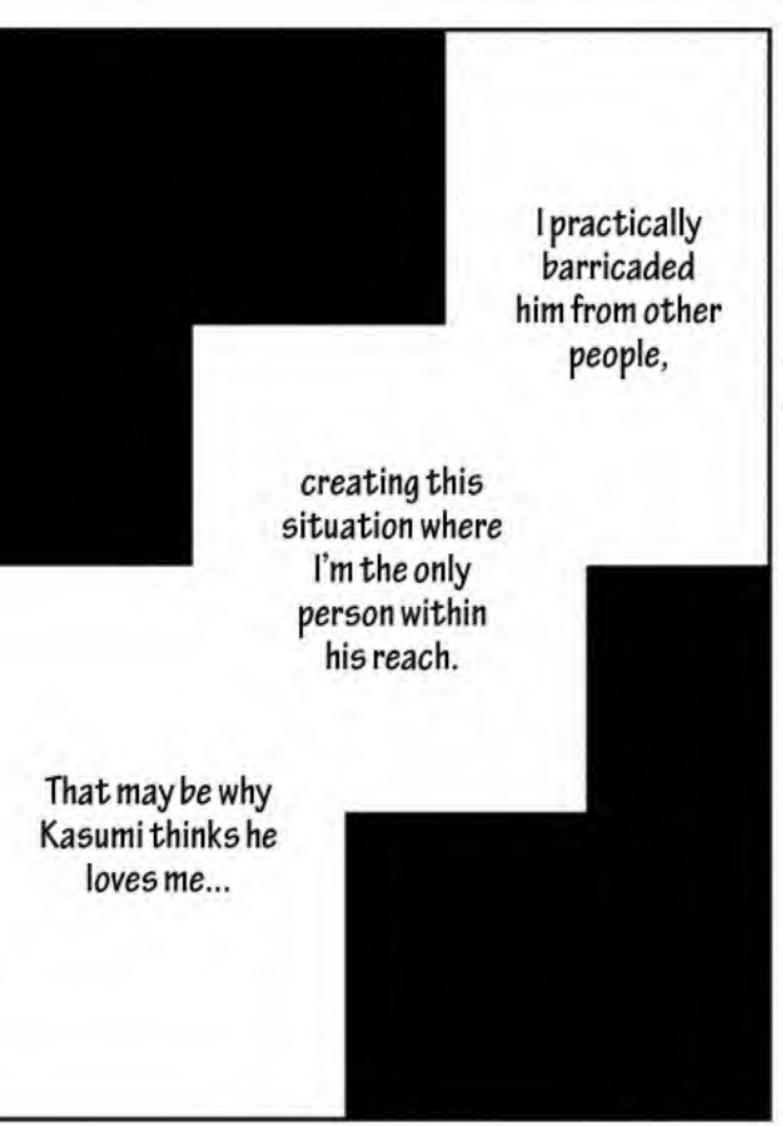


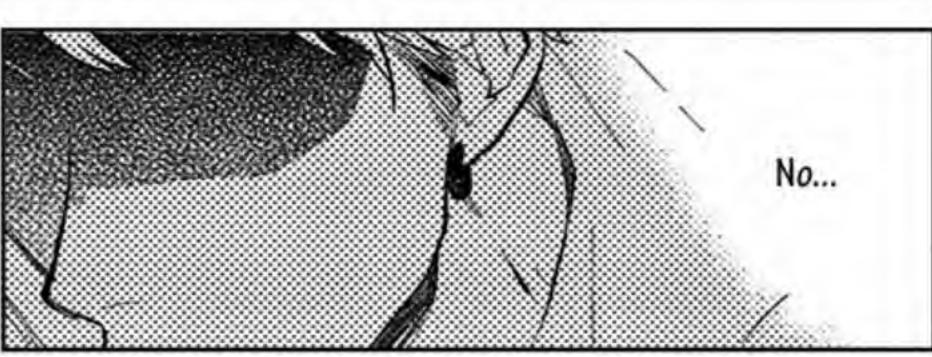




















"NOT RIGHT."





That's what I believed.







I want to remain by his side.















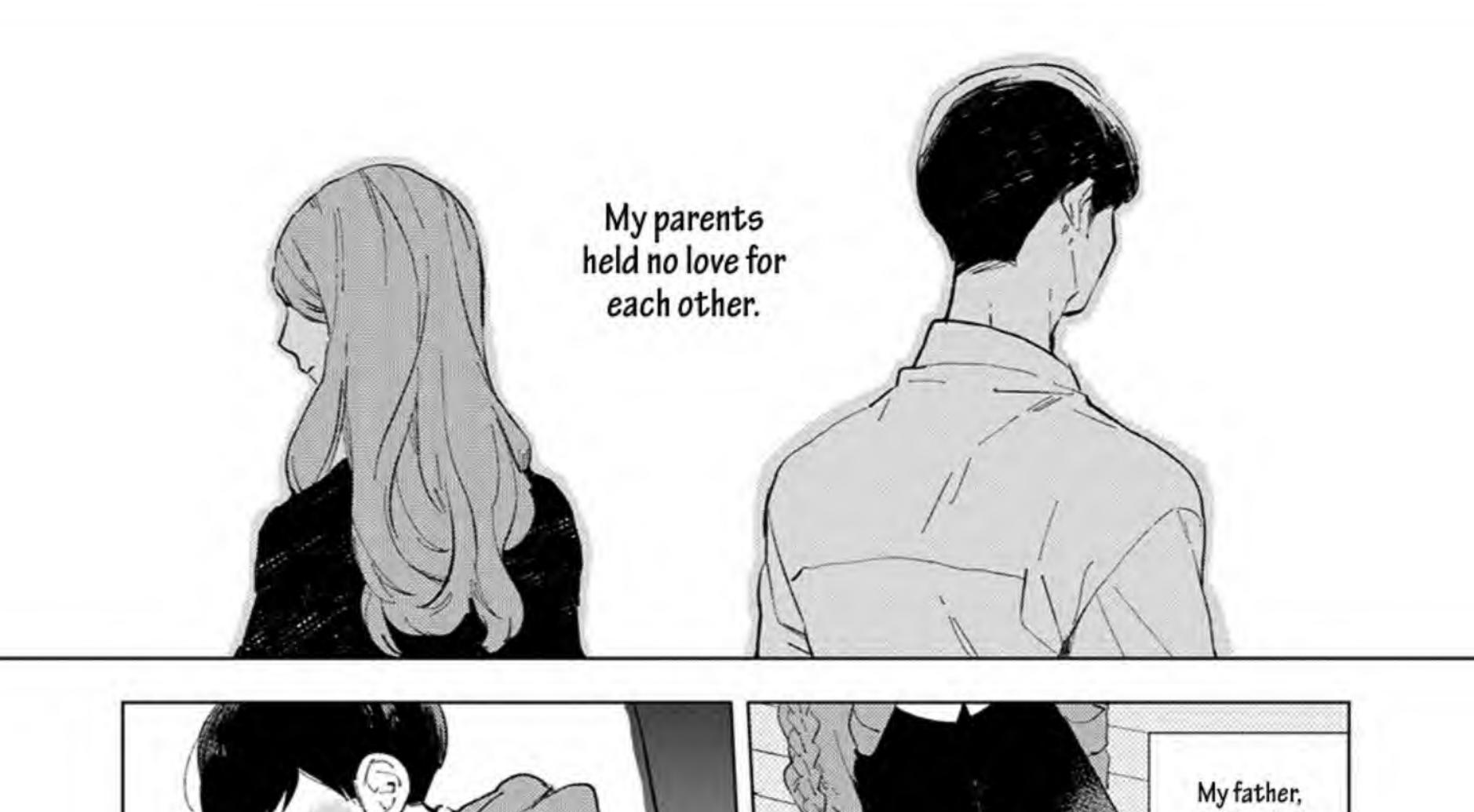


















If I have to live my life with somebody,



...l'll spend it with the person l truly love.

> ...took me, the abandoned kid, in.

Unable to just stand by and watch, my maternal grandmother...

My parents had a divorce due to their extreme incompatibility.

































That day... and time and time again...

Kyousuke showed me that worrying was needless anxiety.







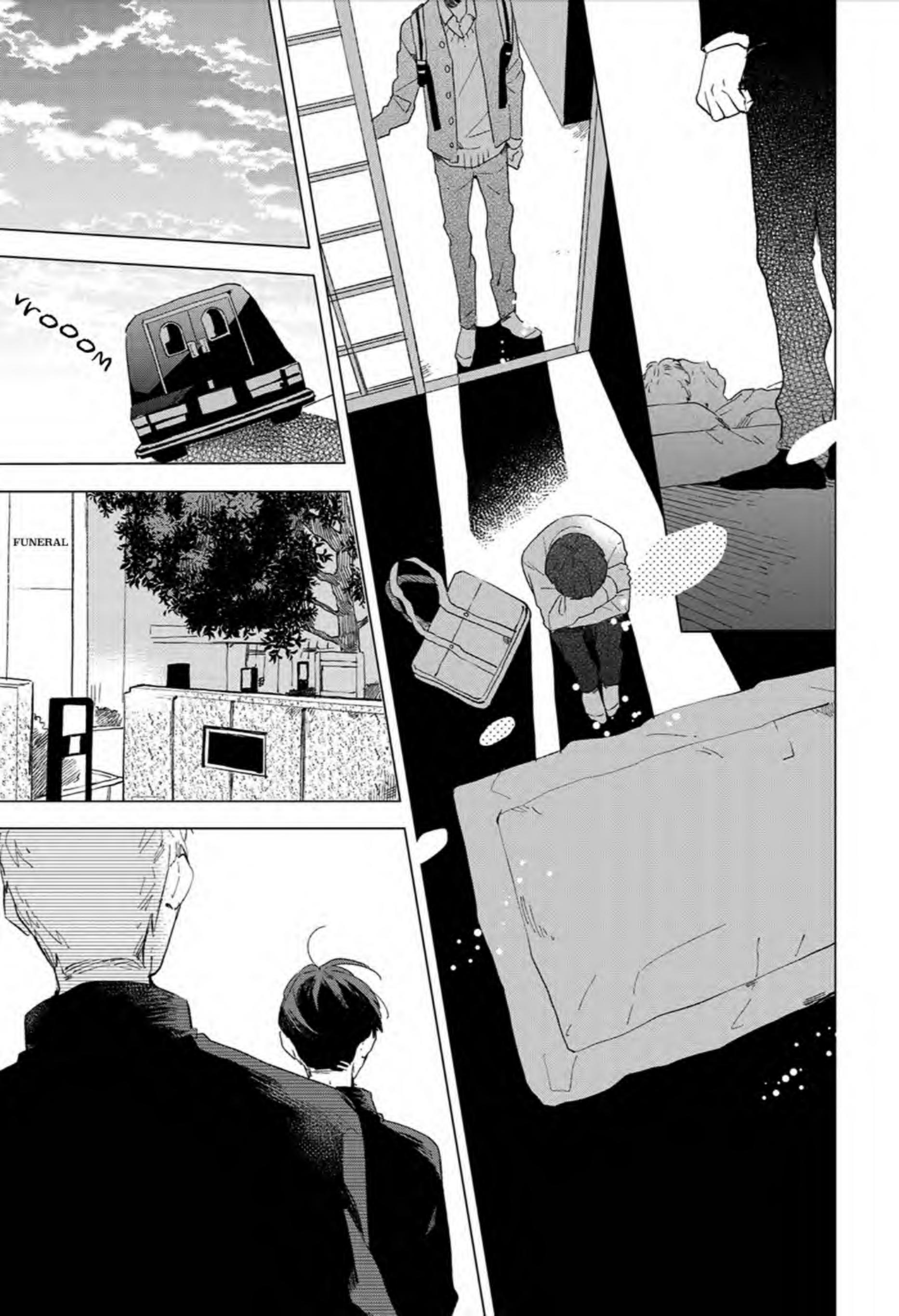






But someday... we'll have to go our separate ways.













The words
poured right
out of me, and I
couldn't come
up with a sad
excuse in time.



















And that's all I cared about. I could forget Kyousuke whenever we met. But none of it mattered, really. She told me her marriage wasn't smooth-smailing—her husband was constantly busy and they rarely saw each other.

I learned she was a married woman on our second meeting.



But I figured if I approached him "as a friend," then I'd be permitted a spot at his side.

l already had Yuriko-san.















Kyousuke as a friend,

and Yuriko-san as a lover.

Nothing strange about that.









I despaired...

those words, every single one of them, sank into my chest.













































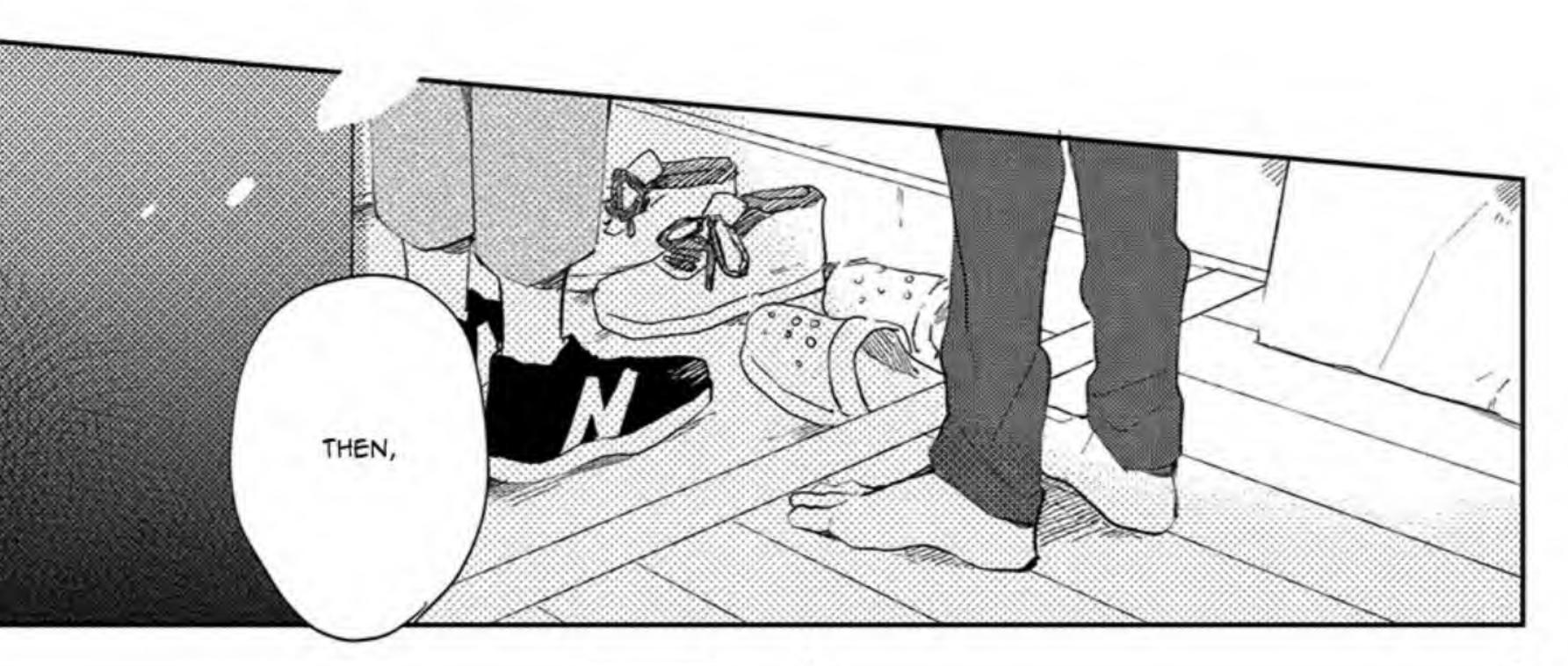






I felt an overwhelming amount of happiness...

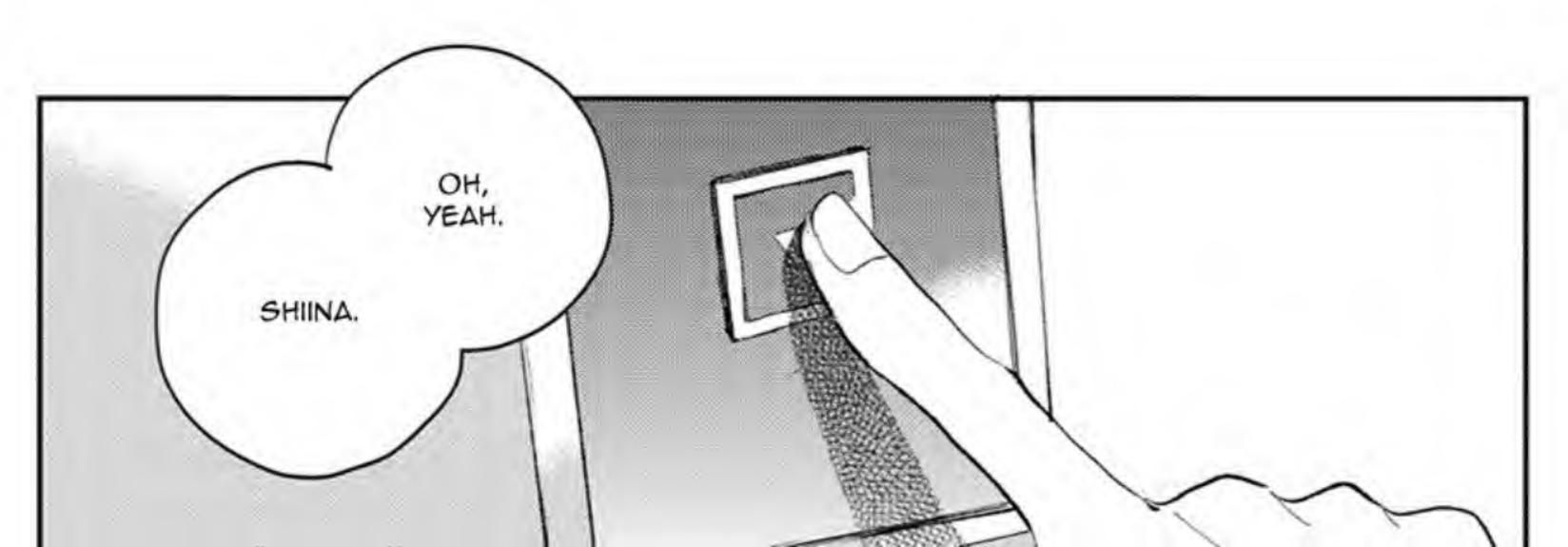
...it was unreal.

























...my series of wrong choices.







































I decided I wanted to stay with him even if it meant his unhappiness.



BUTI'M A COWARD.

